Vpon his party for the gaine thereof,
And therevpon he ſends you this good newes:
That this ſame very day, your enemies,
The kindred of the Queene, muſt die at *Pomfret*.
*Haſt.* Indeed I am no mourner for this newes,
Because they haue beene ſtill mine enemies:
But that Ile giue my voyce on *Richards* ſide,
To barre my maiſters heires in true diſcent,
God knowes I will not do it to the death.
*Cat.* God keepe your Lordſhip in that gracious minde.
*Haſt.* But I ſhall laugh at this a twelmonth hence,
That they who brought me in my maiſters hate,
I liue to looke vpon their tragedie:
I tell the *Catesby*. *Cat.* What my Lord?
*Haſt.* Ere a fortnight make me elder,
Ile ſend ſome packing, that yet thinke not on it.
*Cat.* 'Tis a vile thing to die my gratious Lord
When men are vnprepard, and looke not for it.
*Haſt.* O monſtrous, monſtrous, and ſo fals it out
With *Riuers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*: and ſo twill doo
With ſome men else, who thinke themſelues as ſafe
As thou, and I, who as thou knowſt are deare
To princely *Richard*, and to *Buchingham*.
*Cat.* The Princes both make high account of you,
For they account his head vpon the bridge.
*Haſt.* I know they do, and I haue well deſerued it.

*Enter Lord Stanley.*

What my L. where is your Boare-ſpeare man?
Feare you the Boare, and goe you ſo vnprouided?
*Stan.* My L. good morrow: good morrow *Catesby*
You may ieſt on, but by the holy Roode,
I do not like theſe ſeuerall councels I.
*Haſt.* My L. I hold my life as deare as you do yours,
And neuer in my life I do proteſt,
Was it more precious to me then it is now,
Thinke you, but that I know our ſtate ſecure,
I would be ſo tryumphant as I am?
*Sta.* The Lords of *Pomfret* when they rode from London
Were iocund, and ſuppoſde their ſtates was ſure,

And



And indeed had no cauſe to miſtruſt:
But yet you ſee how ſoone the day orecaſt,
This ſudden ſcab of rancor I miſdoubt,
Pray God, I ſay, I proue a needleſſe coward,
But come my L. ſhall we to the Tower?
*Haſt.* I go: but ſtay, heare you not the newes?
This day thoſe men you talke of, are beheaded.
*Sta.* They for their truth might better weare their h
Then ſome that haue accuſed them weare their hats:
But come my L. let vs away. *Exit. L. Standley, &*
*Haſt.* Go you before, Ile follow preſently.

*Enter Haſtings a Purſiuant.*

*Haſt.* Well met *Haſtings*, how goes the world with th
*Pur.* The better that it pleaſe your good Lordſhip t
*Haſt.* I tell thee fellow, 'tis better with me now,
Then when I met thee laſt where now we meete:
Then was I going priſoner to the Tower,
By the ſuggeſtion of the Queenes allies:
But now I tell thee (keepe it to thy ſelfe)
This day thoſe enemies are put to death,
And I in better ſtate then euer I was.
*Pur.* God hold it to your Honours good content.
*Haſt.* Gramercy *Haſtings*, hold ſpend thou that.

*He giues him his purſe.*

*Pur.* God ſaue your Lordſhip. *Exit. Pur. Enter a*
*Haſt.* What ſir Iohn, you are well met:
I am beholding to you for your laſt dayes exerciſe:
Come the next Sabboth, and I will content you. *He w*

*Enter Buckingham.* (*in h*

*Buc.* How now Lord Chamberlaine, what talking w
Your friends at *Pomfret* they do need the Prieſt. (
Your Honour hath no ſhriuing worke in hand.
*Haſt.* Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
Thoſe men you talke of, came into my minde:
What, go you to the Tower my Lord?
*Buc.* I do, but long I ſhall not ſtay,
I ſhall returne before your Lordſhip thence.
*Haſt.* 'Tis like enough, for I ſtay dinner there.
*Buc.* And ſupper too, although thou knowſt it not: